Volume LXXIII CHICAGO, MARCH 12, 1914 Number 2

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A HYMN.

In the love of God we glory—
In his ceaseless care for man;
Ages gone have told the story,—
Still we see his perfect plan;

Not a blade of glass but tells it,—
Not a flower but breathes his name,—
Every feathered songster spells it,—
Varied often, yet the same;

Thou, O man, his best creation,
Thou, the masterpiece of all,—
Hasten now with thy laudation,
Triumph in the heaven-born call!

ALTHEA A. OGDEN

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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1914. NUMBER 2.

In the night of weariness let me give myself up to sleep without struggle, resting my trust upon thee.

Let me not force my flagging spirit into a poor preparation for thy worship.

It is thou who drawest the veil of night upon the tired eyes of the day to renew its sight in a fresher gladness of awaking.

In Gitangali. *Rabindra Nath Tagore.*

We do not mean to be selfish, but isn't it hard in these days for some of us to say a word of appreciation? There are plenty of women who have never yet praised another woman's hat, and scores of men in whom the factulty of admiration seems dead. We all have friends who, when they begin to tell you how they liked the play or the book or the sermon, keep you all expectancy for the inevitable "but" which we know from experience will sum up their remarks. No society of men can progress as it should when the power of appreciation is dying. It is wonderful what an individual, wonderful what a nation can do, when it is appreciated! It may be that the best workers in our land are not looking for a "Well done!" But the vast mass of us, and even the best of us, will work overtime at hearing a cheer that we did not expect.

E. A. R.

There are signs to show that we are in the midst of a revival of philosophy. Not otherwise can one interpret the vogue of Rudolf Eucken, with his rich and fruitful thesis of the independent spiritual life. Something more than the witchery of his literary style is needed to explain the appeal of Bergson. Thousands thronged to hear the recent lectures of Mr. Balfour at the Glasgow University, discussing what he described as "The Plain Man's Creed." Facts such as these are eloquent of the deeply felt need of some consistent and comprehensive thought of life and the universe, if men are to live nobly and wisely. There are times when only fragmentary insights and chance thoughts are all that are to be had; but that is a sorrow, not an occasion for pride. The loss to life of the death of a great system of thought is inexpressible. Just so, the gain to all men, even the man in the street, of an ordered outlook upon the world will be very great and rewarding.

After studying the recent book, "Getting Together," made up of fourteen essays by eleven leading men in eight different religious communions, American and English, the editor of the *Christian Commonwealth* concludes that religious unity will not be attained by postponing or evading the examination of fundamental theological differences until a semblance of agreement has been reached on questions of church order. Exactly. Trimming our religious bonnets alike is no sign of Christian unity. Unless there can be unity of spirit, not only allowing but inspiring the largest liberty of thought in respect of matters of theology, it is in vain. Such a spirit breathes through this book, and the differing minds are in substantial agreement as regards things really fundamental. It is the persistent emphasis upon things clearly non-essential to religious life and character that perpetuates disunion. Lincoln said than when any church would inscribe over its altar as the sole qualification of fellowship, Love of God and Love of Man, he would join that church with his whole heart. Surely that is enough; but our churches inscribe so many other things over their altars that the gem is lost in the setting.

Dr. Edward Steiner of Grinnel College has just returned from another trip abroad, and he has some pertinent things to say as to the immigrant problem which is once more vexing the souls of our politicians. He has visited many countries. He has come into contact with their life, and he knows what he is talking about. He makes the statement that it is the good square meal and the welcome that make the assimilation of the alien an easy matter with us. "The stomach has a long memory," he declares. "Given a condition in which three square meals a day are furnished and the assimilation problem is nine-tenths solved." The other tenth, Dr. Steiner says, is in our American manners. He explains:

> I saw some emigrants on a pier in Italy, waiting to take the steamer for this country. They had been here before. That was evident at a glance. So I asked the man why he was going back. "In Pittsburgh," he said, "de boss he knock-a me on da shoul; 'Hello, Mike,' he say, 'how's Missus Mike and all da little Mikes, hey?' Now I gota gooda home here. But no one knocka me on da shoul' and ask me about my wife and da kids. So I go back to Pittsburgh."

No doubt the well fed man will, in most cases, become a good citizen; and he will become a still better citizen if he is treated as a human being should be treated by his fellows. There is a whole volume in that little scene on the Italian pier, and it is eloquent in praise of the American spirit of being decently human.

News of the death of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson brings back the memory of one of the most lovable men of recent times—and one of the great love-stories

of the world. Stevenson met her at Grez, a French tourist resort, whither he had gone in quest of health. She was sitting in a green inn garden sketching. It was love at first sight, and the flame burned with bright and tender ray to the end—and Beyond. Fanny Van de Grift was the wife of Mr. Osbourne, but husband and wife had become estranged. Shortly after meeting Stevenson, she returned to California and asked for a divorce, which Mr. Osbourne granted, giving her both of the children. For love of her Stevenson, though frail unspeakably and ill, crossed an ocean and a continent—traveling second cabin in steerage and on tourist cars.

"As I look back," he wrote in after years, "I think my marriage was the best move I ever made in my life." When he wrote to his father that his wife was born in Indiana, the old Scotchman thought she must be an Indian; but when he saw her he forgave Robert for marrying against his will. She was a small dark woman, with clear-cut features, rich blue eyes, and endless black hair. Their life together was lyrical and lovely, made the more tender by the fact that death was never far away. When Stevenson died in 1894, she returned to California, brave of heart—content to have been loved by so radiant a soul. Twenty years passed, and, without warning, the end came—and the Reunion!

Surely it is time for someone to make protest against much of what passes under the name of the scientific study of religious experience. Take, for example, the lectures of Shotwell on "The Religious Revolution of Today," delivered at Amherst. It is a brilliant book, written with felicity and beauty, but manifestly unfair and misleading. He traces religion back to its lowest forms and crudest beginnings, while extolling science as it is today—setting the one over against the other to the disparagement of religion. That is not only unjust, but absurd. Had he shown how science had made its way through magic, alchemy, astrology, occultism and the like, slowly climbing out of darkness into light, it would have been more fair.

Wernle said the other day that he was tempted to describe psychology as an ingenious attempt to make faith absurd; and, while this was only a mood, men of faith ask nothing better than that the working of Christianity in the heart should be inquired into. But the biggest of all questions about religious ideas is not whether they are fascinating, or manifold, but whether they are true. If we forget this, it comes quite naturally to diagnose religion as a form of nervous complaint, as James just avoided doing. Indeed, his "Varieties of Religious Experience" is open to severe criticism. One would think the author was writing a thesis on the pathology of religion, as if only its excesses, eccentricities and abnormalities were worthy of note. How easy to follow the path of some God-entranced soul, pick out an odd act here and a wild word there, and piece together a picture of eccentricity. How easy, and how unscientific! Suppose one should study the great poets as James studied the lives of the saints. How easy to make Shakespeare and Shelley seem worthy of intellectual contempt. If this is the sort of thing that is to pass for scientific study of religious experience, it belongs to what Balfour calls the category of negligibility.

Still They Come

I.

In the year September, 1911-September, 1912, the Charity Organization Society of New York City had more dependent and poverty-stricken families come under its care and accept its relief than at any previous time in all its history. And nobody, so far as I know, has ever contended that this year marked any particular period of "hard times," or suffered any disastrous "depression" or "panic." On the contrary, if political and financial records count for anything, the country at this time was in an exceptionally prosperous condition. Much the same also can be said of the succeeding year, September, 1912-Steptember, 1913, for the present period of business stagnation and general unemployment certainly did not set in until the early winter. And yet the thirty-first Annual Report of the Charity Organization Society, just at hand, records the fact that, during these twelve months, no less than 6,767 families were cared for—an increase over the previous year of almost 4 per cent, and *a new record for poverty in New York!*

It is interesting to note some of the details of this record-breaking advance of destitution. Thus in the Bronx, the number of dependent families has increased, according to this report, no less than 543 per cent in the last seven years. This is partly explained by the fact, of course, that this borough has undergone a marvelously rapid increase of population since the subway was put through. But this very fact also shows that, even in the outlying sections of the city, where land is abundant and decent housing possible, we are reproducing exactly the same conditions of wretchedness that have existed for years in the lower sections of Manhattan. The report tries to extract sunshine from cucumbers by the statement that "even at its highest figure, the Bronx furnishes a smaller number of families in need, proportionate to the population, than in any other section of the city under the jurisdiction of the society." But in the face of a 543 per cent increase in seven years, may we not rightly inquire if the Bronx is not headed for the same general balance long since maintained by the older and more crowded districts of the greater city?

Again, the district south of West Forty-sixth Street, including the famous Greenwich Village, shows "an increase of 224 per cent in seven years." This figure might seem somewhat hopeful, as compared at least with the Bronx record, if it were not for the fact, faithfully recorded by this report, that, while the amount of dependence has increased at the rate noted, *"the population of this district has decreased!"* An explanation is offered in the statement that "what has probably happened is that, during the development of this section as an industrial community, little attention has been paid to its improvement for home purposes." But wherein, may I ask, does this explain, to say nothing of justifying, such a damning condition of affairs as this which I have just described?

"O," but I hear somebody say, "these figures mean nothing in themselves. Their significance can be seen only when they are viewed in relation to the city's increase in population. New York has been growing all these years—and if the increase in the number of dependent families be compared with the increase in the number of people actually living in the city, it will be seen that the ratio is about the same. Conditions are not getting any worse. On the contrary, it may even turn out, perhaps, that they are really getting slowly but surely better."

The 224 per cent increase in seven years in the destitution of Greenwich Village and its neighborhood, with a coincident decrease in population, would seem to be sufficient answer to this *apologia*. But let us look a little closer and see just what this comparison really teaches.

The United States Census Report for 1910 shows that the increase in the population of New York City averaged for any single year in the decade from 1900 to 1910 between 2 per cent and 3 per cent. In the two years from 1910 to 1912 this ratio was evenly maintained. In one single year in this latter period, however, please note that the poverty increased 4 per cent, or not quite *twice as fast* as the population!

The Borough of the Bronx shows still more startling results! Thus, from 1900 to 1910, according to the figures of the last census, the population of the Bronx increased 53 per cent, or more than doubled itself. From 1910 to 1912, it increased just 10 per cent, which marks a slight falling off from the growth of the previous decade. And yet, in the seven years from 1906 to 1913, the number of destitute families *increased 543 per cent!*

Plainly, the problem of poverty is getting steadily worse in New York City with every passing year. We have not yet reached the amount or the degradation long since registered in English and European cities, but we are rapidly approaching thereto. And yet the majority of the people do not know—and a fair majority of those who do know, do not care. "Still they come!" And what do we do about it?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.
Church of the Messiah, New York City.

The Churches Against War

"War Inconsistent with the Religion of Jesus Christ," was the title of the famous pamphlet by David Low Dodge, the New York merchant, who in August, 1815, organized the New York Peace Society, the first peace society in the world; and every member of that first peace society was a member of the Christian Church —that indeed being a condition of membership at the beginning, as earlier it was a condition for voting in Massachusetts. In Christmas week of the same year, the Massachusetts Peace Society was organized in Dr. Channing's study in Boston, under the leadership of Noah Worcester, both of these men so illustrious in the early history of the peace movement being Unitarian ministers. Mr. Dodge's pamphlet was prepared for the press in 1812, three years before he founded the New York Peace Society; and on Christmas Day, 1814, one year before the organization of the Massachusetts Peace Society, Noah Worcester published in Boston his "Solemn Review of the Custom of War." These two noteworthy pamphlets, by the New York Christian merchant and the Boston Christian minister, were the most influential and memorable documents in the early history of the peace movement in this country; and the two societies for which they prepared the way were the cradles of an agitation which has swept around the world, establishing innumerable peace societies everywhere, with the result that at last we have the era of Hague Peace Conferences, made up of the representatives of all nations, engaged in the definite and just political organization of the world.

This distinctly religious origin of the organized peace movement and its pronounced identificaton with the churches come impressively to mind as another New York man of business, so great a leader of the peace movement as Andrew Carnegie, founds in David Low Dodge's own city, almost on the centennial of the founding of that historic first peace society, the Church Peace Union, composed of representatives of all the leading religious bodies of the country, to rally the moral and religious forces of the country and of the world to the more earnest promotion of the cause. We have already noticed this significant foundation; but in the light of the close identification of the peace movement at the beginning with religion and the churches it becomes doubly noteworthy.

The new organization is surely imperative. The present system of war and armaments is intolerable in such a civilization as we have achieved. Industry, economy and intelligent politics all condemn it. But especially does it stand condemned by every principle of morality and religion; and the world has a right to ask the churches to bring their influence more definitely to bear in behalf of nobler and more rational politics. They have not led as they ought. It is a remarkable coincidence that, as the initiative to the organized peace movement came at the beginning from one eminent New York business man, this notable call to the churches should now come from another.

Another significant coincidence, and a most hopeful one, is in the appeal issued to the united churches of Switzerland, almost at the moment of the founding of the new Church Peace Union here, for more earnest and definite action by the churches of Europe and the world to counteract the present portentous militarism of the nations. This powerful appeal, issued in German, French and English, has just reached this country; and it will make a profound impression upon our own churches at the hour when they too have been summoned to action. The Swiss churches, belonging as they do to a small and neutral nation, feel that they may properly take the initiative for the concerted movement which seems imperative; and they contemplate a great peace congress of the churches of the world at Berne sometime this year. Their impressive appeal should be read and solemnly considered the world over. Seldom has a more searching impeachment of the present system of war and armaments been submitted to Christendom; and it does not spare the churches for their own dereliction of duty and leadership. Unhappily the severe words have only too much warrant; but never was the time for worthy action by the churches in this matter more propitious than now.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

THE DAUGHTER.

It's not meself I'm grieving for, it's not that I'm complaining,
(He's a good man, is Michael, and I've never felt his frown)
But there's sorrow beating on me like a long day's raining
For the little wrinkled face of her I left in Kerrydown.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other—
Do you mind the morns we walked to Mass when all the fields were green?—
'Twas I that pinned your kerchief, oh, me mother, mother, mother!
The wide seas, the cruel seas and half the world between.

It's the man's part to say the word, the wife's to up and follow—
(It's a fair land we've come to, and there's plenty here for all)
It's not the homesick longing that lures me like a swallow
But the one voice across the world that draws me to its call.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other—
Do you mind the tales you told me when the turf was blazing bright?
Me head upon your shoulder, oh, me mother, mother, mother!
The broad seas between us and yourself alone tonight!

There's decent neighbors all about, there's coming and there's going;
It's kind souls will be about me when the little one is here;
But it's her word that I'm wanting, her comfort I'd be knowing,
And her blessing on the two of us to drive away the fear.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other—
Do you mind the soft spring mornings when you stitched the wedding-gown?—
The little, careful stitches, oh, me mother, mother, mother,
Meself beyond the broad seas and you in Kerrydown!

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPER V.

LIFE AT THE GROVE.

In the summer of 1842 the family moved from the mansion to a modest house at some distance from the village, to which, owing to its situation, the name The Grove was given. Various reasons prompted this change of residence; one of which was the belief on Mr. Smith's part, that the walk to and from his office would be beneficial to him as exercise. The Diary tells of the removal.

Aug. 9, 1842. We have been engaged for several days in removing furniture, etc., to our new residence, which is 1¼ miles southeast from Peterboro. At 6 this evening I walk down to it and take up my abode in it. For the first time in this house, I, this evening, in the library, bend my knee in prayer to my God and Saviour.

Aug. 10. This Wednesday morning, for the first time in this house, we have family worship.

It was again a time of business stress. The next spring, Mr. Huntington and Mr. Dana, his clerks, were permitted to go, and their places in the office were taken by Mrs. Smith and Elizabeth. In recording the departure of the two excellent office helpers, the Diary reads: "Mr. H. and Mr. D. have served me long and served me faithfully. May God's richest blessing be upon them and their families."

Gerrit Smith was an appreciative employer. We have seen what long terms of service were given by certain of the household helpers, and how attached all members of the family became to them. An overseer and manager of his extensive business interests in Oswego spent a life-time in Mr. Smith's employ and that of his estate. Early in the thirties, Mr. Smith, being in Oswego, remarked to his brother-in-law, Henry Fitzhugh, "I want a competent man to take charge of the improvements in the Hydraulic Canal. Do you know the right person?"

"I do," answered Mr. Fitzhugh. "John B. Edwards is the man you should have." Mr. Edwards forthwith was employed, held his position as long as his employer lived and continued as agent for the estate until his own death put an end to his faithful labors. The whole term of his stewardship was over sixty years. He was 92 when he died.

So great was Mr. Smith's confidence in Mr. Edwards that for many years before his own death it was his custom to file the latter's quarterly statement of accounts without inspection, though they often covered expenditures of many thousands of dollars.

A few months previous to the change of abode from the great house to the Grove, the seventh and last child was born to Gerrit Smith and his wife, and named Green, in honor of Rev. Beriah Green, the president of Oneida Academy, and noted temperance reformer and abolitionist. And something over a year after the removal, Elizabeth was married to Col. Charles Dudley Miller of Cazenovia, a banker, the pair making their home in Cazenovia for a short time after marriage.

The Grove was a small house, as has been intimated, but it would appear that no other small house ever had so great a capacity for the entertainment of guests.

The Diary shows no lessening of their numbers. They came, a constant procession of them, just as they had come to the mansion. One wonders where they were bestowed. And there was room for the display of such acts of charitable hospitality as the following.

The Diary:

July 25, 1845. Our neighbor, Mrs. ———, is in failing health. We are not willing to have her live alone and so we have this day brought her to our house.

In the spring of 1846, Colonel Miller resigned his post in the bank at Cazenovia and entered his father-in-law's office in Peterboro. At the same time he and Elizabeth moved to the mansion where they continued to live until December 24, 1850, when they settled in a house of their own at the southwest corner of the village green. The mansion was tenantless in the interval between that date and the return of Mr. and Mrs. Smith from Washington, in 1855, when they re-entered upon their residence there. The Grove was sold.

The Diary:

June 21, 1853. My dear wife's health being so feeble, and it therefore being desirable that we live near our daughter and her husband, we had, months ago, detremined to sell our present residence and to remove to Peterboro. It is a great trial to us to leave this place, that has been so dear to us. I was especially desirous to spend my remaining years here, and to have the benefit of the daily walk between this place and my office. We are to leave here 1st December next for our temporary home in Washington. On our return from there, we are to occupy the old family mansion in Peterboro. This day I sell the property to Adam Keller of Manheim.

Four months later, The Grove is taken leave of, the event being chronicled in the Diary.

26 October, Wednesday, 11 a. m. I have just written with my pencil on the inside of the outside library door:

How can I leave thee, home, sweet home!
But there's a better one to come.
This home has been a home of love,
But there's a better one above.

Farewell to this dear spot. God's blessing upon our successors at the Grove. GERRIT SMITH.

What a warm, generous, loving, devout nature![10]

Mention has been made of the homes given to "Aunt" Betsey and to "Aunt" Laura. It was during the life at the Grove that those two faithful and beloved inmates of the household brought their long years of service to an end. So much affection is expressed in the entries in the Diary which allude to their going, that the entries are copied. Aunt Betsey was the first to leave.

The Diary:

Sept. 13, 1849. Our beloved Elizabeth H. Kelty, after having lived in our family considerably more than a quarter of a century, leaves this morning for a quiet home in the village of Peterboro. May the richest of heaven's blessings follow her. She has ever been and still is very precious to us.

The entry regarding Aunt Laura is of the date May 7, 1850, and runs:

Thirty years ago last November, a good-natured, laughing, stout girl named Laura Bosworth came to live with us and to keep house. Laura has lived with us ever since, gaining upon our hearts continually by her devotion to the interests of our family, by her tender, loving and unwearied care of our children, and by every service in which she could promote the happiness of either my beloved wife or myself. She is now 54 years old and is somewhat infirm. Hence, as is perfectly right, both in her eyes and ours, she leaves us and goes to her own snug and comfortable house, where her labors will be far lighter than they have been. Our warmest blessings are upon this good and dear woman. The blessing of God is upon her pious heart. Laura left us at 1 p. m. today. She sleeps at our daughter's tonight. It was hard for her to tear herself away.

HOME LIFE RESUMED IN THE MANSION.

The Diary:

Feb. 8, 1855. First meal, dinner, a little after 5. First family worship a little after 8 p. m.

The house had been undergoing extensive remodelling and enlargement, during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Smith at Washington, and was yet far from finished. "God grant," writes the diarist, in completing the entry quoted above, "that so long as it shall stand, the members of the families that shall occupy it, shall be members of the family of Christ. Within these walls, O God, may my heart be right in thy sight!"

CONSCIENTIOUS AND SELF-DENYING PHILANTHROPY.

Gerrit Smith always declared that the strength of slavery lay in the free states. The North bought the products of the slave-worked plantations, and in turn sold to the South the products of its mills and stores. Thus in the economic relations of the two sections, they were so intimately bound together by mutual interests that opposition in the North to the "peculiar institution" was half-hearted.

Every Northern individual wore on his person garments made from slave-produced raw material. Every northern table bore slave-produced articles of food. This fact could not fail to appeal to thorough-going opponents of slavery. But what could they do? The American Free Produce Association was a brave attempt to answer this question.

In 1838 a "Requited Labor" convention was held in Philadelphia, at which Gerrit Smith, though not present, was chosen president of the "Free Produce Association" then and there formed. A circular sent out by this convention, outlines the program which its movers hoped to see widely adopted. One paragraph runs as follows:

The American Free Produce Association has judged it an object of the first importance, that means should be adopted to furnish a supply of dry goods and groceries produced by requited labor, adequate at least, to the demands of those who are conscientiously opposed to the use of articles produced by the labor of slaves. In this view its attention has been directed to the establishment of a store, or stores, where free goods shall be held for sale, and facilities afforded for their transmission to distant places.

This effort at a "boycott" of slave products was too heroic to meet with wide response, even amongst opponents of slavery. It involved expense, inconvenience and self-denial. It was carried out in the Gerrit Smith household, however, as the Diary shows:

June 13, 1839. I will cease, for the present, perhaps for a long time, to eat fish, gravies, butter and cheese. (In this resolve, Mr. Smith was only carrying further his program of abstinence begun some years previously, as related by Miss King in her Journal). March 27, 1835, I commenced abstaining from fish, flesh and gravies. I have for the last year or two, however, frequently eaten fish and gravies. I gave up the use of tea and coffee in November, 1832, and

[10] Writing to a friend, after a visit at The Grove, George W. Bungay, the poet, says:—"The family of Gerrit Smith lives in a small white house about two miles from the village of Peterboro. There are no luxurious sofas to lounge upon, no costly carpets to tread upon, no magnificent mirrors in which to admire yourself, in this house, which is plainly and sparingly furnshed. The carpets, chairs, tables, beds, etc., are more useful than ornamental." Mr. Bungay, describing his host's personal appearance, goes on to say:—"Mr. Smith wore a suit of bottle green, and his broad shirt collar lay down over a black neckerchief." And of his habits:—"He eats plain food, sleeps on a hard bed, drinks nothing but cold water." As to work:—"He frequently writes from one to two hundred letters a week; writes long communications to the press; speaks at public meetings against War, Rum and Slavery and frequently preaches on Sabbath to his little flock at Peterboro. Few editors," concludes this observing visitor, "receive as many papers as he patronizes."

have never resumed it. I abjured the castors before I did tea and coffee. *I, and my family also, continue to abstain from all slave-labor products. My wife and I gave them up early in April, 1835. Our daughter gave them up 18 months later.*

Abstinence could hardly go further than it was carried in the Smith household.

GERRIT SMITH AND THE OPPOSITION.

Writing, less than a year before his death, to a young friend, formerly of Peterboro, then a teacher in Newburg, N. Y., in answer to a letter received from her, Mr. Smith said among other things:

"And so you are aware that I was mobbed in Newburg. I was mobbed there on a Friday evening, and the following Monday evening at New Haven, Conn."

Every grade of opposition was aroused by the men and women who labored in public ways for reform during what may be termed the reform era, from 1830 to 1860. Murder, destruction of property, pelting speakers with decayed vegetables and rotten eggs, coating with tar and feathers, were the more violent acts of the antagonistic element. Scurrilous letters, abusive newspaper editorials, satirical and more or less witty allusions to the personality and ways of reformers, were among the milder methods by which reforms were opposed. "A course of mobs" was an experience that every individual had to expect who embarked as an advocate of any radical movement.

There were reformers and reformers, and it is clear enough at this distance of time that the ways of some of them were admirably calculated to arouse ugly passions, and of others to call forth ironical mirth. Some who mounted the public platform to air their views and promulgate their theories and policies of action, were mentally unbalanced; what in later days came to be designated as cranks. Others were so severe and uncharitable in arraigning those who still held to the old ways, customs and institutions, that anger was inevitably aroused. The "soft answer that turneth away wrath" was the sort of response honored far more often in the breach than in the observance, with many reformers. Even Gerrit Smith, who was among the mildest of all the radical advocates of reform, and whose benevolence of nature must have impressed itself in abundant measure upon the readers of these pages, prefaced his first speech in the House of Representatives with the frank avowal: "As this is the first time I have had the floor, it may be well for me now to confess, that I am in the habit of freely imputing errors to my fellow-men."

Extravagance of denunciation was a habit characteristic of many reformers; and to such extent did they permit a lurid rhetoric to blaze up in their speeches and writings that the result was decidedly to the disadvantage of the cause for which they argued. Some of the resolutions adopted at reform meetings, particularly anti-slavery meetings, were almost grotesque in the overstatement in which the writers of them indulged. The "satanic press," the "satanic pulpit" and "satanic statesmen" were favorite forms of allusion with anti-slavery orators and writers, whereby they meant the newspapers, preachers and persons in political life whose opinions failed to agree with their own. That those earnest men and women had great cause for moral indignation is, of course, true, but the warfare waged by them upon abuses and evils undoubtedly lost in effect through a too general extravagance of denunciation.

A striking example of this inflamed rhetoric is contained in the series of resolutions that were adopted by the Liberty Party Conventon, in Syracuse, in October, 1851, following the "Jerry Rescue." Daniel Webster, in a speech delivered in the city some months before, alluding to statements by abolitionists that the Fugitive Slave Law would never be enforced in Syracuse, had remarked that it would be enforced there, "even in the midst of their anti-slavery conventions."

The morning following the rescue of Jerry (which is not related in these pages because it has been recorded in so many other chronicles of the time), the set of resolutions spoken of above, was presented and adopted. In them Mr. Webster is alluded to as "that base and infamous enemy of the human race;" and his boast that the Fugitive Law should be carried out in Syracuse, is characterized as "the satanic prediction of the satanic Daniel Webster." The same document speaks of "devil-prompted speeches of politicians and devil-prompted sermons of priests."

Candor compels the admission that the writer of those heated resolutions was none other than Gerrit Smith.

Personal violence was never offered Mr. Smith so far as the records enable one to judge. In spite of the fact that it was his habit to "freely impute errors to his fellow-men," he cherished a charity of view and a natural considerateness of judgment that led him usually to make allowances for differences of opinion. He could distinguish between a bad cause and its advocates. Of men with whom he radically disagreed he said: "They do not survey every subject from my standpoint. Their steps, when diverging from my own, may not be as defensible as my own, nevertheless the end they have in view may be as good and it may be cherished in a warmer and better heart."

After making his extended speech on the Nebraska Bill in the House in April, 1854, in which no argument against slavery was left unused, and in which he denied it any constitutional standing, and condemned it as everywhere an outlaw, and under all circumstances a monstrous evil, he was congratulated by southern members, and John C. Breckinridge said to him that if he would visit him in his Kentucky home and repeat the speech there, he would pledge his honor that it should have a fair and uninterrupted hearing.

He said in a public address at another time:

"To illustrate my position that a very bad deed may be combined with a character in which there is much good—there is nothing that in my eyes is more unequivocally the work of satan than casting back into the pit of slavery the poor brother or sister who has escaped from it. Nevertheless, through the blinding power of a wrong education good men are drawn into this satanic work. I know and respect Mr. Bell and Mr. Breckenridge. No little elevation and beauty of character mark them both—and yet their life-long connection with slavery reconciles them to the recapture of the fugitive slave. So, too, from the like cause is General Houston reconciled to it. Nevertheless, in regard to the wrongs done the Indian he is as tender as a woman. One can hardly fail, in his social intercourse with the General, to be pleased with him. Mr. Douglas, too, would have the flight of the slave arrested; and all the greater is the crime in him from his having been educated in Vermont and New York. But I have seen pleasant things in Mr. Douglas; and a relation of mine, who has long lived near him, told me years ago that Mr. Douglas is eminently kind to the sick and suffering around him."

Writing to Mr. May from Washington, Mr. Smith

says: "In spite of my abolitionism and in spite of my daughter's short dress (the "Bloomer" costume) the people here treat us kindly." The fact was that Mr. Smith was a very great favorite in Washington. He practiced the same generous and inclusive hospitality at the capital that had characterized Peterboro. Giving large dinners at frequent intervals, inviting men of all shades of political opinions. They came, enjoyed the feasts, drank the cold water, gave free expression to their sentiments and were ready to vote their host the best of men. The only severe personal criticism that was directed against Mr. Smith during his congressional term came from his fellow abolitionists, who feared that the blandishments of the southern slaveholding aristocracy were undermining his principles. Never was concern expended more needlessly.

Gerrit Smith was the target for far greater abuse and opposition from the rum powers than from the advocates of slavery. Nevertheless he was occasionally treated with indignity, when on the abolition platform, as the passage quoted from the letter a few pages back shows. The writer found a printed placard among his papers that has the true anti-abolition flavor. It reads:

DOWN WITH ABOLITION.
FELLOW CITIZENS, A FOUL ABOLITIONIST,
A CHILD OF THE DEVIL,
WILL HOLD FORTH TO-DAY AT THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT 11 O'CLOCK.
LET EVERY GOOD CITIZEN ATTEND TO KEEP ORDER!!!
April 27, 1837.

On the margin of this placard is written in Gerrit Smith's hand: "Many copies of this were stuck up in Ithaca, previous to the delivery of my address."

But a single scurrilous letter has come to view in looking through Gerrit Smith's papers. It is given below. The exact nature of the imagined grievance of its writer it is impossible to state. Mr. Smith, from being a very active politician of the Henry Clay Whig school, early in his career, had, by the middle of the third decade of the century, practically ceased to take part in politics. An entry in the Diary, immediately following the November election in 1837, explains his political attitude:

For the last few years I have not been a party politician—have not voted every year—and when I have voted it has rarely been in a manner to please either party. At this election I voted for but one man, viz., Joseph Bruce. I voted for him because he gave assurance that if he was elected, he would promote the objects which Abolitionists sought after in their petitions last winter to our State Legislature.

Within a day or two after the election mentioned, this letter came to Mr. Smith. The reader will agree that its writer was in something of a state of mind. He signs himself "Anti-hypocrite." The letter bears the Utica postmark.

G. Smith.

Sir it is impossible to find language to express the indignation and contempt with which every honorable man looks upon your conduct in regard to election which has just past and to Cap the Climax you have had the impudence to address Mr. C. P. Kirkland mkg some sort of an apology for your conduct (as I have been informed). You mean contemptible fawning hypocriticle apostate—we can see through you as easy as we can through an old sieve. You are marked and will be attended to wherever you go.

(To be continued.)

Bergson in a Nutshell

"I have to confess," writes William James, "that Bergson's originality is so profuse that many of his ideas baffle me entirely, I doubt whether anyone understands him all over, so to speak." It may, therefore, safely be assumed that the great majority of those who crowd to his lectures at Paris, or New York, do not understand him "all over." There are certain dominant ideas in Bergson's philosophy, however, that even the man in the philosophic crowd may comprehend and these can be stated in an article of moderate compass.

Bergson's philosophy is contained at present in three masterly volumes, "Time and Free Will," "Matter and Memory," and "Creative Evolution." Each volume is devoted to the elaboration of a thesis implied, though not explicitly stated in the title. In the volume first mentioned, his aim is to show in what sense the will is free. As the basis of his demonstration, he presents a unique view of time, which is the pivotal idea of his entire philosophy.

In living organisms the past survives with the present and presses into the future. The feeling of this tension, or "duration," is concrete time. Living beings feel their life as a flux; they grow; and this growth, or flux, is time as felt or experienced at first hand. Time is life. What is usually called time, is not real time, but only a counting of movements—such as the oscillations of a pendulum—or it is an abstraction, a supposed homogeneous medium in which all movements take place.

Now, contrary to the invariable custom of philosophers who engage in the enterprise of showing that the will is free, Bergson does not oppose two distinct and contradictory doctrines to each other and take the side of one as against the other. He does not argue that the determinist is wrong who says that the course of your conduct, obeying the law of cause and effect, was fixed from eternity and that therefore you could not have chosen between two lines of conduct which you thought were equally open to you. And yet Bergson is for free will.

The determinist is not wrong if you grant him the propriety of speaking of lines of conduct "presented simultaneously for your choice." The usual free-willist makes a mistake in accepting the determinist's statement of the case. If, in the process of making up your mind, you think of one course of action and then of another, repeatedly, your self and each course of action, is different with every pulse of thought. Neither character nor idea is fixed. Having thought of one course of action, you cannot think of an alternative course in the same way as you might have done, had you not first thought of the other. The soul's life is a flight, in every moment of which all that has been previously lived is included. If you come back to an idea you once had, you come back with the experience acquired in the interval. You can retrace a line in space leaving the line intact, but there is no return in pristine innocence to a moment once lived.

What is known as "coming to a decision," is a forward pressing act of the soul, which now holds within itself all its former cogitations. In striving to come to a decision the soul labors to bring to bear upon the situation as much of itself as possible, and especially all its deeper seated feelings. The act is felt to be a

free one, when the whole self consents to it. In fact, our conception of freedom is derived from this unique experience. Freedom is not definable; it is felt. "Freedom is the relation of the self to the act it performs."

In "Matter and Memory" the problem is the relation between mind and body. Bergson's point is that mind, or more specifically memory, is not a function of the brain, but uses the brain for purposes of action. Somehow, not clearly understood, the cells of the brain are supposed in prevalent psychology to become modified by impressions reaching them through the sense organs. There is supposed to be a re-arrangement of molecules or atoms in the cells, and this, persisting, is the essence—the physical essence—of memory. Memory, says Bergson on the other hand, is not in the brain at all. There are two kinds of memory—pure memory, and habit memory. The one is the storehouse of ideas, the other is the mechanism by which habits are automatically performed. Only the latter is seated in the brain, but pure memory seeking expression, or actualization in consciousness (our memories are not, of course, always in consciousness), also makes use of the brain. Nothing is ever really forgotten, says Bergson. Sometimes there seems to be a forgetting, but that is only because there is some flaw in the central organ of action or expression; namely, in the brain. And he bases this view upon an exhaustive study of aphasia and hysteria, diseases in which memories unaccountably disappear or are resurrected from invisible limbos. The brain, as the essential organ of motion or expression, is indispensable for bringing memories out of the past into the present—that is, for their existence in consciousness, which is tantamount to an incipient action.

It will be objected, of course, that since without the brain there is no consciousness, consciousness is in the brain. To this Bergson replies, that the brain is an apparatus necessary for consciousness, but not corresponding to it point for point. A machine may not be able to work if a certain screw is missing, but the screw is not the machine.

In "Creative Evolution," the most popular of his books, Bergson's contention is that evolution is not mechanical, not blind, not a heaping up and preserving of accidental variations, but is the creation of life working from within. Life in man is part of a great universal life. It is not a resultant of mechanical forces. It initiates; it creates.

In this book also Bergson presents his philosophic method, which he calls "intuition" and opposes it to the intellectualistic method or the method of analysis, of counting and manipulating finished concepts. "Intuition," as Bergson uses the word, does not mean a mysterious faculty for knowing transcendent truths, nor a kind of second-sight. It is a process of penetrating into the current of reality through sympathy, living again in imagination the phase of life one wishes to understand. It is, therefore, let it be noted, the method for understanding life and consciousness, it leaves physical science to the analytic method. Intuition is not unchecked guess-work. It is the method of workers who have never heard of Bergson. The man who is engaged upon a literary project, for instance, begins by gathering material; he learns all he can of his subject, making notes, extracts and outlines. After he is through with this preliminary labor and has brooded over the matter for a time, he finds that without conscious direction by himself, the subject has fused, clarified, crystalized, and he is in possession of his essay or book. The philosopher should proceed in a somewhat similar manner. The method Bergson decries is that of making rigid concepts, giving names, and reasoning from the abstractions so designated. Get back to the concrete, to the flow of reality, rely on your perceptions! There are two ways of knowing, the analytical and the intuitive. The one encircles the object; the other penetrates. Analysis never quite arrives although it proceeds endlessly; intuition gets there by one stroke. Science is analytical; philosophy should be intuitive. Of this method Prof. James exclaims: "To trust our senses again with a clear conscience!—who ever conferred on us so valuable a freedom before?"

But Bergson himself writes, he uses concepts, he does not, in other words, escape from the method he rejects. True! One cannot communicate thought without using the social instrument of communication —language. The philosopher should, however, beware lest his concepts become rigid. He should incessantly return to the living flux out of which his concepts are carved. He should keep them fluid, pliant and mobile.

These are the main results of Bergson's three masterpieces. The reader asks, what is there new or startling in them? Any village preacher can tell you that the will is free, that soul is not body and that evolution is caused by a vital principal working from within. These doctrines have been advanced over and over again. Nor is intuition as a philosophical method new. Emerson practiced and advocated no other. Why does Bergson make disciples while the preacher talks in vain?

Evidently there is something in the discussion by which these points are established that catches the student. The secret of Bergson's attraction is not merely in the conclusions he comes to, but in the whole body of thought that culminates in these conclusions. It is in the road, not the goal, although the goal gives zest to the road. The follower of Bergson comes back apparently to a position occupied by the naive man before the effect of scientific fatalism began to be felt; but he comes back by a different road from that by which he went out, and the position he returns to is really no more the same as that which he left, than the village which a man returns to when in the possession of mature powers is the same as that he left while a boy. You ceased to believe in soul, in free will, in a spirit of the universe, because science showed that your belief had no basis in reality. Bergson shows you that science does no such thing. Science was misinterpreted. He does not flout science; he plants himself upon it; he is at home there. He spent five years ransacking the literature of aphasia for the scientific core of "Matter and Memory." He accepts science for all it is worth, to the last most revolutionary discovery.

Here we have one very good reason for the convincing power of Bergson. It does not take the reader long to discover that the scientific erudition of the writer is vast, profound and minute. As it was science that disposed of the soul, free will, spirit, so science must needs restore them, not as you would bring to light a new chemical element, but by ceasing

to do the "dirty work" for unaccredited, ill-scrutinized metaphysical assumptions

Another thing that grips the reader of Bergson's books is the discovery that the philosopher is not "playing off his own bat" altogether, as those who know him only by hearsay are tempted to believe. He is not a Nietzsche flying in the face of all previous opinion. On the contrary, his philosophical scholarship is as astonishing as his scientific preparation. He has carefully worked out his position on the chart of philosophy. He knows the routes of all other navigators. He is aware of the location of every island, rock and reef. He respects the work of his predecessors and when he abandons or amends a position once held he scrupulously points out in what respects he differs from them and how they missed the right road. Above all and embracing what has already been said, is the impression one gets that the writer is dealing honestly with his readers. That is, he is really bent upon getting to the bottom of his problems. No objection is shirked, no difficulty glossed over. There is no hocus pocus. The thinking is open and above board in full view of the spectators. Such considerations are of great weight in estimating the value of a philosopher as popular as Bergson. For where a literary equipment such as he possesses is met with shrewd people instinctively suspect charlatanism. Can anything claiming to be so radical and so profound be stated so clearly that the intelligent general reader may understand? The great Kant set a pernicious example. Smaller men have imagined that to be great they should be obscure. And then there is Bergson's magical use of metaphors! Instead of logic-chopping he gives you illuminating comparisons, telling you frankly that these are only analogies which distort the reality in some respect, and then giving you another to correct the distortion of the first, and perhaps still another to correct the second.

In France, Germany, England and America philosophy is engaged in an effort to free itself from the conception of a spiritless universe. If this is not always a reaction towards traditional religion, it is at least an attempt to give back to life the dramatic element which mechanical evolution took away. The future being unforeseeable, life again becomes a great adventure. Since we are not compelled to reproduce the past, our wills are spurred to fresh achievements. With the restoration of will and soul in man, the existence of spirit outside of man becomes more credible. Such an attitude is of great significance for social reform as well as for religion. It is not surprising that the French syndicalists are attempting to annex the Bergsonian philosophy. The offer to remake the world ceases to be absurd if the world is constantly in the making with man as co-creator. One must work of course, with the material at hand, but what cannot a clever artisan perform even with meager equipment! Here is a breath of real spring! The philosophy that inspires hope must win over that which leaves one in the mood of a jaded horse on a treadmill. Hope is life, so it is life that the new philosophy offers to the world. —*Abram Lipsky, Ph.D.*

From the American Hebrew.

The war department is reforesting a large area near Fort Bayard, New Mexico, for use as an army hospital site.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

A YEARS WORK

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

V.

Ecclesiasticus

The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

TEXT: *"The stroke of the whip maketh marks in the flesh; but the stroke of the tongue breaketh the bones."* xviii:17.

The book we study today is called by the Jews "The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach," or Joshua-ben-Sira, ben, meaning son. Jesus being the Aramaic or modern form of the word Joshua, and Sirach the Greek form of the Hebrew Sira. This is the longest book in the Apochypha, and excepting the book of Job and the Psalms, is longer than any book in our Bible. Ecclesiasticus is the name given it by the early Christian Fathers, coming from the Greek word *Ekklesia,* meaning the church or congregation, used in opposition to the word canonical,—a book for pulpit and not for doctrinal uses. It represents an early stage in the development of literature. It is a book rich in itself and important in its historical setting. Whoever wrote it probably had the book of Proverbs and Job at hand and was learned in the kind of lore which scholars call "wisdom literature" as distinguished from the prophetic or historical books found in the Hagiographa, the sacred or holy writings, including Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the book of Job and the Psalms. It is a Greek-Hebrew or a Hebrew-Greek book, the Greek spirit is shown in the personification of Wisdom and Truth. There is very little distinctively Jewish, the presence of Jehovah being taken for granted but the name seldom used. It is universal in its spirit. The writer has had something of the fate of Shakespeare. Because of his broad learning some would make him out to have been a traveler, others a priest, others a lawyer and yet others a physician. He was evidently conversant with the "law" and held in respect medicine and physicians.

There is an introduction, written by no one knows whom, perhaps of the middle ages, followed by an interesting preface written by the translator some sixty or seventy years after the date of the book, which is now generally accepted as about 200 B. C. This translator was the grandchild of Jesus the son of Sirach and bore the same name. In his preface he gives as a reason for translating the work of his grandfather into Greek, that he did it for the benefit of the younger Hebrews in Alexandria who talked and read in Greek. The date of the translation is confused. "In the eight and thirtieth year coming into Egypt, when Euergetes was King," the construction of the Greek is such that it might mean the thirty-eighth year of Euergetes,

or it might mean his own thirty-eighth year. Montifiore says:

"The collection of writings which we know as the Hebrew Bible was almost complete in the year 180 B C., although at least one component part, the book of Daniel, was still unwritten."

He states that the original Hebrew manuscript of this book was neglected and after a shadowy existence of a thousand years and more it vanished wholly out of sight.

"But in the year 1896 a strange discovery was made. Two ladies brought back from their travels in the East a bundle of Hebrew manuscripts which they had obtained in Egypt. They gave these manuscripts to Dr. Schechter, who is the reader in Rabbinic Literature at the University of Cambridge. In this bundle there were many fragments of this thing and that, but among them the eagle eye of Dr. Schechter soon detected the most precious fragment of all—a fragment of the long-lost Hebrew original of the book of Joshua ben Sira! This fragment extended from the fifteenth verse of the thirty-ninth chapter to the sixth verse of the fortieth chapter. It was at once printed by Dr. Schechter, with a literal English translation, in the magazine called the *Expositor,* for July, 1896."

Dr. Neubauer of the Bodleian Library at Oxford also discovered fragments in searching Hebrew manuscripts acquired from Egypt for the library, and still later, says Montifiore:

"Dr. Schechter brought back a vast quanaity of manuscripts from the *Genizah* or storeroom of the synagogue at Cairo, and among these manuscripts he has discovered yet further portions of the Hebrew original of Ben Sira, which in the course of the present year (1898) will, let us hope, be printed and published."

Montifiore speaks enthusiastically, but we find from Professor Toy, in his learned article in the Encyclopedia Biblica, that after all scholars are not very sure about these fragments. They have a suspicion that they represent an eleventh century (?) Hebrew translation of an old Persian version, forming their conclusion from certain comments and explanations contained therein.

As to the context itself. It is a sage's book, not a poet's vision; wise, but not inspired; sagacious, not profound; a Ben Franklin and not an Emerson book. It would appeal to the "business" man who would pronounce it far seeing, "practical," better than the Beatitudes, which he deems "not workable." It is not so pessimistic as Ecclesiastes, if you read it in the revised version you will find it very interesting.

"The Bible for Home Reading," by Montifiore, one of the sagacious Jewish scholars of the reform school, and a philanthropist of London, is valuable in this connection. In it he has made generous abstracts from Ecclesiastes, suitable for Sabbath afternoon uses. Here is a beautiful passage beginning: "My son, if thou comest to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for temptation," etc. There is much on Wisdom, spoken of in the feminine gender, an essay on True and False Shame; and the prayer with which the book closes has become a classic among those who study prayers as a form of literature. How much valuable and precious literature is thrown into the form of prayer! You will remember that Louise Alcott edited the prayers of Theodore Parker and wrote a charming essay on the subject, which is itself a classic. She tells how, when fighting her battle with poverty, she saw the announcement that Theodore Parker was going to preach to wage earning women. This was her first introduction to Theodore Parker, and she writes that before he got to the sermon, she had what she needed. And all those who knew Theodore Parker will say that great as was his power as a preacher, still finer and more searching was the power of his prayers. Read for yourselves the great closing prayer in Ecclesiasticus.

In chapter xix are pictured the woes of the laboring man who is given to drunkenness, and in chapter xxiii swearing is condemned. This writer pleads for the wisdom and glorification of the thoughtful life, and touches all round the circle of modern problems. He does not like a gossip and has a chapter against the whisperer and the backbiting tongue.

The sixth chapter is an essay on Friendship which might be classed with those of Cicero, Bacon and Emerson; with some quotations from it we may well close our study of the book:

"Sweet language will multiply friends, and a fair-speaking tongue will increase kind greetings. Be in peace with many; nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand. If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him. For some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in thy day of trouble. And there is a friend, who being turned to enmity and strife, will discover thy reproach. Again, some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction. . .

A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend (no weight of gold and silver can equal the goodness of his fidelity), and his excellency is invaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life (and immortality), and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbor be also."

QUESTIONS.

(1) What does the word Ecclesiasticus mean?
(2) By whom was the book supposed to have been written?
(3) To what class of books does this belong?
(5) What is its relative length?
(6) Name three present day vices which it condemns.
(7) To what three famous essays on Friendship is matter found in chapter six compared?
(8) Tell story of finding of fragments supposed to be Hebrew originals.

CORRESPONDENCE

Pedagogical Anthropology

EDITOR OF UNITY:—

I want to call the attention of the readers of UNITY to the new book written by Dr. Maria Montessori, "Pedagogical Anthropology." In it are presented a great quantity of scientific facts pertaining to biology, morphology, physiology, etc., and these are interpreted with great spiritual insight and the educational bearings pointed out with sense and courage. Montessori must be a woman of learning, with a lofty ideal and a rare spirit of love. In her book "Pedagogical Anthropology," she shows herself alive to social injustice in many forms and she speaks strongly for chastity in men as well as women and against the use of alcohol. She points the way to a pedagogical penology, which will save the child from crime and aid it to grow into a useful member of society. She repudiates altogether the idea of punishment and in all departments she is in the van of progress, world peace, emancipation of woman, etc.

Her interpretation of scientific data is often most inspiring and her book will surely prove of value to teachers, parents, ministers and all persons interested in the progress of the human race, in matters spiritual and educational.

Rosedale, Wash., Feb. 28, 1914. ANNA S. LAY.

THE HOME

Helps To High Living

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDERMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO.

MON.—"Can you feel—can you think—can you will?" are three questions which most people might ask themselves today with advantage.

TUES.—Independence is often spoken and written of as if it were a selfish thing, a thing opposed to social interests, whilst instead it is the very first condition which permits of service from one human being to another.

WED.—What person of intelligence can ever care for opinions which are echoes of his own?

THURS.—It is the prostitute who has been lowering man's honor throughout the centuries—the gilded prostitute of sheltered life and the unhappy victim of our social system. Together they form one-half of man's consciousness and idea of womanhood, and that is the handicap which the honest woman has to lift.

FRI.—Power of the spirit and power in human affairs have too long been held as things distinct and different.

SAT.—An inevitable evil may be viewed with patience, but it needs a positive good to command respect.

SUN.—To be able always to think freely is already much, but to be able to act freely, with the same invariability, means to be beyond the restraining power of all human pain.

—Lucy R. Bartlett.

A POEM

Seven Blue-birds in an Oak tree,
In an Oak tree sat and twittered,
Sat and twittered in an Oak tree.

Far below them on the mosses
I sat looking up and dreaming
Of the Angels up in Heaven—
On those mosses I sat dreaming.

And below me were the waters,
Ah! the swiftly flowing waters;
And the sweet and blooming flowers
Nodded at me in the sunshine.

They were covered o'er with dew drops,
And they showered sweetness round me;
Then the woods were flooded over
With the music of those Blue-birds.

JANE MARGERY HOOD.
12 years of age.

The Edison of 250 B. C.

Archimedes was the Edison of his day. His inventions were as inspiring to the Greeks and their Roman contemporaries as those of the New Jersey wizard are to us, but he had a contempt for his inventions that strikes the modern mind as eccentric. He was above all a philosopher, and the particular branch of philosophy that attracted him was mathematics. His inventions were, as Plutarch says, "the diversions of geometry at play."

Archimedes was born about 287 B. C., probably in Syracuse. His father was Pheidias, the astronomer, and the latter no doubt had much to do with the son's proficiency in mathematics. He was related to, or on very intimate terms of friendship with Hieron the king and his son Gelon. His fame as an inventor of things mechanical was won through some experiments performed for the court.

It was to Hieron that he made his famous boast, "Give me where to stand and I can move the earth." The king, wishing to see an illustration of the problem, asked him to demonstrate it with some heavy object, and so Archimedes ordered that a three-masted ship be loaded with men and freight. To this he attached a rope that went through a compound pulley, and when all was ready he tugged at the free end of the rope and moved the ship with its burden from where it rested on the shore to the water's edge. Hieron was amazed, and declared, according to Proculus, that "from that day forth Archimedes was to be believed in everything that he might say." To them the pulley was as wonderful an invention as the telephone is to us!

He gave them also a machine of war. This, too, was a crane, but it was fitted with a "beak" that could grasp things. When the Roman ships came up to the walls this beak was lowered and no sooner did it touch the ships than it took a grip on them. Then, by means of pulleys, the defenders drew up the beak and the ship it held. After being lifted to a convenient height it was dropped and spilled out all who were in it with fatal results.

Archimedes invented many other things, but records of them are lost. He deliberately destroyed such records as he had, for he considered the study of applied mechanics as something far beneath the dignity of a philosopher. Such was the teaching of his time, for menial work was done by slaves, and others were not to debase themselves by paying attention to such matters. The inventions he gave to the world he held in contempt and before he died he requested that on his tomb be placed an inscription showing the ratio between the cylinder and the sphere. This—the discovery of that ratio—he claimed was his greatest contribution to knowledge.

He was killed in the siege of Syracuse in B. C. 212. The accounts of his death differ slightly, but all of them agree that he was stabbed by a Roman soldier while engrossed in some mathematical problem. He was always abstracted when at work; he went for over a day at times without thinking of eating. While the siege was on and while the city was being sacked he kept at his task, whatever it might have been, and drew figures in the sand in order to get at its solution. While so engaged he was accosted by a soldier and either did not heed the command which the latter gave or refused to obey it and was killed on the spot. Even Marcellus greatly regretted the death of the inventor of classical times.

Years afterward, Cicero, on coming to Syracuse as Questor of Sicily, insisted that he see the grave of Archimedes before he took up his duties. He found it in great neglect, but was able to make out the inscription concerning the ratio that the mathematician had desired to be put on his tomb.

Today his chief claim to recognition is his work in pure science, but one cannot help but realize that had he had more regard for applied mechanics he would now be regarded as the world's first, and probably greatest, inventor. As it is, imperfect as are the records of his attainments, it is perceivable that he was in his day at least as great a wizard as is Edison in this.

The American Boy.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE SCANDINAVIANS IN CHICAGO

Rev. John P. Miller, Swedish City Missionary, addressed the class in immigration at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, December 15, 1913, on the subject of the Scandinavian population in Chicago.

At the outset he spoke of some national characteristics which explained to a great degree their reasons for coming to this country. First, their strong individuality, the natural result of intermarriage between the descendants of the Vikings with English, Scotch and Germans. They are as a race slow and sure, kind and merciful, honest and truthful—among the old type deception is not tolerated. The speaker regretfully confessed that they are at times unforgiving and revengeful. It is generally admitted that Sweden is the most democratic monarchy in the world, and the people are very loyal to the state, but at the same time they demand freedom and will not yield their rights. Spiritual freedom, freedom of conscience is dear to them, they were the last European peoples to submit to Roman Catholicism and the first to shake it off. These characteristics made it natural for them, when necessary to seek homes in other lands, to turn towards the United States. Perhaps, however, the chief reason for their coming here was the industrial status at home, consequent upon the geographical and physical conditions of the peninsula. Three-fourths of it is mountainous and the northern part very unproductive. But the people prefer agriculture to mining. In the productive portions of the country the land had fallen into the hands of the aristocracy, who employed tillers of the soil, as dependents, resulting in a sort of feudal system very distasteful to these freedom loving people. Hence they emigrated, not with the intention of making money to carry back home, but with the hope and desire of locating farm homes for themselves and their descendants, accentuated by the assurance of finding religious freedom.

A third reason which made the breaking up of old associations appeal strongly to the women, was their desire to get the men away from the conditions which made it so easy to get intoxicants and where the drink habit was so universal. Alas, they found in the New Land the same menace to their happiness!

A minor reason was the growing fashion to travel, which influenced those of means. Although in Scandinavia there are no extremely poor, no tramps, since each parish must care for its own dependents.

Between 1820 and 1912 about 2,000,000 Scandinavian emigrants have reached this country. The population of their home land is only about ten million. The largest influx was in '81 and '83, when over six hundred thousand were admitted. Where are they now? Scattered over the Middle Western and some Southern states. Many in Missouri, Minnesota and Michigan. But Mr. Miller said of recent years the tide has turned, many are returning home and fewer are coming. All over the land they make industrious, law abiding citizens.

In Chicago at present there are something over 150,000 Scandinavians. Formerly they lived on the North and West sides, but the Italians came crowding in, and ultimately bought them out. There is a large neighborhood of them in Wentworth Avenue and Thirty-third Street and similar colonies in various parts of the city. It is a characteristic of the Scandinavian that he will not stay "put." He likes to congregate with his own kind, but will not stay where he does not like his neighbors. A growing good feeling exists between the emigrants from the three countries, Sweden, Denmark and Norway. They meet in their celebrations, and are all alike loyal to the church of their fathers. In their churches the preaching is in their native language because in the congregations there are always many who do not understand English. In the old land the State Church is Lutheran, but here there are Congregationalists, Baptists and Methodists among them, but very few Catholics. They are desirous of education and pursue every opportunity for it—for themselves and their children. Only about one-tenth of 1 per cent here are said to be illiterate. The Scandinavians are quickly Americanized and form a very substantial and desirable part of our population. Mr. Miller said at the close, in answer to a question, that they did not take naturally or very willingly to manufacturing, and recently many have been going onto Canadian farms.

Compiled from notes taken by
MARY E. PIERCE.

UNIVERSITY NOTES

The ninetieth Convocation of the University of Chicago will be held on March 17, when Professor James Rowland Angell, Head of the Department of Psychology and Dean of the Faculties of Arts, Literature and Science, will be the Convocation orator, his subject being "The University Today."

At this Convocation one hundred and twenty-nine candidates will receive degrees, titles or certificates. Of this number, forty receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts, Philosophy, or Science, and four that of Education. In the Graduate Schools three will be made Masters of Arts or Science and three Doctors of Philosophy. In the Divinity School there are twelve candidates for the degree of Master of Arts, two for that of Bachelor of Divinity, and one for that of Doctor of Philosophy; and in the Law School five students will receive the degree of Doctor of Law (J. D.). Among the candidates in the Divinity School is a grandson of the famous missionary, Adoniram Judson, and also an Armenian and a Japanese. A Japanese also will receive a Bachelor's degree, and a Chinese will receive the title of Associate.

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Professor Paul Shorey, head of the Department of Greek in the University of Chicago, who has been the Roosevelt Exchange Professor at the University of Berlin during the present academic year, was given a farewell dinner at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin on February 18 by Professor Archibald C. Coolidge, the exchange professor from Harvard University. More than a hundred and fifty of the leading scohalrs of Germany were present, including the Prussian Secretary of State for Public Instruction, the rector of the University of Berlin, and Professor Adolf Harnack. Professor Shorey's lectures at the University of Berlin were on the subject of "Culture and Democracy in America."

A CHRISTMAS GAMBLING LESSON.

While they were actuated by a spirit of retaliation rather than by high moral motives, the saloonkeepers of Kearny and Arlington, N. J., really did a good service on Christmas Day. The success of the Law and Order League of the towns named in stopping turkey raffles on Christmas in all saloons was met with swift revenge when the saloon men called upon the police to stop all lotteries, raffles and other games of chance at the fairs of three churches. A score of women were selling "chances" through the two towns when policemen were sent out to stop them. They were informed that selling chances for a home-made quilt was gambling just as much as selling chances for a turkey in a cafe, and that as the issue had been raised they would have to stop. Right thinking people must agree that a raffle for a church, especially in a church, or any other form of gambling for a church, is quite as bad as when it benefits private individuals. And when the sanctity of a church edifice is violated by it it is much worse.—*The Christian Work.*

CONGREGATIONALISTS REAFFIRM FAITH.

The new Congregational creed adopted at Kansas City at the last Convention does not attempt any metaphysical definition of the Trinity, but none the less for that, it is trinitarian all the way through. Its first sentence reads: "We believe in God the Father, infinite in wisdom, goodness and love; and in Jesus Christ, his Son, our Lord and Saviour, who for our salvation lived and died and rose again and liveth evermore; and in the Holy Spirit, who taketh of the things of Christ and revealeth them to us, renewing, comforting and inspiring the souls of men." This language is not Nicene or Athanasian, but it is scriptural, and that is vastly better. Moreover, there is another strong trinitarian touch in the last sentence, which is introduced by the clause, "Depending, as did our fathers, upon the continued guidance of the Holy Spirit to lead us into all the truth." This surely means very much more than "a mere influence." If there is any unitarian drift in the Congregational fellowship, the Kansas City gathering failed to show it.
The Continent.

JONES

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